

A Picture Is Worth A Thousand Words by Yuri4Gwen

Series: [Tales From Tumblr \[8\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

Billy Hargrove immortalises his one night with Steve Harrington in a series of photographs that he uses to fuel his fantasies but what happens when it isn't enough?

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Author's Note:

A short story from Billy's POV based on that [photograph of Joe Keery](#) that I keep seeing on Tumblr where he looks like a Regal angel and I couldn't help thinking what if Billy had taken this photograph? What would the circumstances have been? And what else would he have photographed?

One taste of Steve Harrington wasn't enough. In his dreams he could still taste his skin, feel his body squeezing him tight and remember all his sweet little whimpers. But in the cold light of day, it was slowly becoming a hazy memory, blurred around the edges and slowly becoming relegated to the shadows of his mind. He probably would have forgotten a whole lot more if it weren't for the photographs.

Steve's parents treated him as a spoiled Princess, every little whim was catered to, he never wanted for anything. His room was littered with the artefacts of these passing passions and amongst them had been a state of the art camera.

Billy had been tempted by it when he'd been a visitor a few months before, it felt cold and heavy in his hands when he'd picked it up and with a smile, Steve had jokingly posed for a picture and an idea formed in his mind as the flash illuminated him and the film moved noisily to the next frame.

He put a little growl in his voice, licked his lips slowly, his eyes burning with a little mischief as he sweet-talked Steve into putting on a little show for the camera. His mouth salivating as his pale skin was slowly revealed, flawless with beauty marks of various sizes that he ached to connect with his tongue. With a soft flush to his cheeks, Steve had indulged him, it was his camera after all, with the film safely inside.

He catalogued him in various poses as though he were a priceless piece of art, a feast for the eyes captured for all eternity. He wanted

to capture everything about that night, Steve's sweet drunken smile, the pitch of the whine when Billy sunk his teeth into his throat, how his hair felt clasped in his fingers and the desperate way he cried his name when Billy slowly pushed his cock inside.

He couldn't keep these things, they existed only in his mind but a picture was worth a thousand words. He had pocketed the film before he wrapped himself around Steve's sleeping body, his cool skin now warm to the touch as he snuggled into Billy's chest. The morning had been a different story, he had become cold and Billy was left all alone.

He had talked Byers into showing him how to develop film in the school darkroom pushing him out once he knew the process. He spent a long time there watching as ghostly shadows transferred to the empty pages creating beautiful images. A shy topless Steve. Steve's blushing face. His body fully on display, his hand awkwardly floating near his hip as he considered covering himself. Angry indents shiny with saliva in his trembling throat. His face contorted in pleasure as Billy pushed his cock in. His hole slowly leaking Billy's come with Steve's blissed-out face out of focus in the background.

The moonlight streaming in through the window illuminating the photograph in Billy's hand as he slowly stroked his hard cock. The image of Steve gripped tightly in his hand seared in his mind as he slowly came across his fingers adding more creases to the image.

In his mind he could hear Steve's begging voice, his big doe eyes transfixed on Billy as he slowly took him apart. He could feel Steve's soft lips on his, his name whimpered against them as Steve's body fluttered around him. He let his mind wander, took the memory and moulded it to what he wanted.

Steve would welcome all the possessive whispers against his skin, he would beg for his teeth and he would wrap Billy around him and never let him go. Billy would have an entire library of photographs of Steve, Steve happy, Steve showing off whatever new thing he was into, Steve in every position, Billy's cock in his beautiful little mouth while Steve looked up at him with half-lidded eyes, Steve on his back spreading himself open with a welcoming smile on his face and even them together. They would be crystal clear, moments frozen in time to cherish.

Steve wouldn't ignore him anymore, he'd be happy to see him, his eyes becoming soft, that little relieved sigh that he'd seen him direct at her when she said something that reflected his love. That bright smile, his hands wouldn't be able to touch Billy enough, he'd laugh with delight and kiss him gently, passionately and Billy would welcome it all. When it came to Steve he could never have enough.

Billy watched him from the shadows, cataloguing everything, trying desperately to capture it all in his mind. He wished he had enough money to buy a camera, one day he knew he would. In the daylight, Steve was still cold even when his face flushed as Billy whispered into his ear about everything he'd done, how he'd enjoyed it.

Steve averted his eyes with excuses and ran back to her. Billy's hunger grew ravenous and with it, his frustration became unbearable until his mind became hazy with rage. Rejection was a painful pill to swallow.

As the long nights started to brighten and get warmer with summer Billy couldn't wait any longer. Soon the day would outlast the night and his time with the real Steve would diminish. His desperation seeped deep down, down into a dark part of him that refused to be ignored. A quick trip to the school library photocopier with a well-worn favourite. Then he wrote a simple message on the back and slipped it into Steve's locker.

'Princess, a picture is worth a thousand words.'